

Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 28.

Boston, January, 1896.

No. 8.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We wish for the whole world — our own country —
and every other — a happy New Year — full of what
our American Humane Education Society is seeking
to promote, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth,"
"Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature"
— a new year which shall hasten the time

"When Peace shall over all the earth
Its golden splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song,
That now the angels sing."

WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

At the December meeting of the directors of the
American Humane Education Society and The Massa-
chusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
mals, held in Boston, Dec. 18th, the following reso-
lutions, presented by President Angell, were passed
unanimously. The same were published in Boston
daily papers of Dec. 18th and 19th, and are sent in
this paper to every member of Congress and the Mass-
achusetts Legislature, and to the editors of every newspaper
and magazine in North America, north of Mexico.

Resolved: That, while we can hardly believe it
possible that in this year of our Lord a simple ques-
tion of boundary line in Venezuela, South America,
should lead to complications between us and Great
Britain which could possibly be used to force our
two great Christian nations into a deadly and destruc-
tive war; yet, in view of what has already been said
and done in regard to this matter, we do, in behalf
of the over twenty-three thousand Bands of Mercy we
have caused to be established in our own and other
countries, pray that every Christian church shall
awake, every pulpit speak out, and if the danger
shall not then be clearly ended, that union prayer-
meetings shall be held in every city and town to pray
the God of battles to save us from such a terrible
calamity.

Resolved: That our President be hereby requested
to cause this resolution to be presented to our State
Legislature and National Congress, and in our behalf
to petition and urge upon them for God's sake and
humanity's sake, and the sake of Christian civiliza-
tion, to use every means in their power to avert the
possibility of war between this country and Great
Britain.



I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WHAT CHRIST TAUGHT.

"Blessed are the merciful."
 "Blessed are the peacemakers."
 "Love your enemies."
 "Pray for them that despitefully use you."

"WAR IS HELL."

So General Sherman said, and believing him we believe it to be the duty of every Christian in America to oppose a war with Great Britain in regard to this dispute about a boundary line in South America.

We believe that any nominally Christian man or woman who advocates such a war needs conversion as much as any heathen, and that any nominally Christian minister who joins in urging such a war is a minister of the devil and not of Christ.

We believe that in this exigency it would be well for every Christian woman in the land [beginning perhaps with "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union"] to wear some emblem of mourning until the danger is passed.

We believe that continued prayers should be offered in every Christian pulpit and in every prayer meeting that the Almighty will forgive our great national sins and save us from such an unchristian and unholy war.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SENATOR CHANDLER. WAR.

Senator Chandler has brought in a bill before the Senate [as a starter] appropriating a hundred millions of dollars for fire-arms, &c.

This will enable us to furnish all the Boys' Brigades of our armed Sunday Schools with repeating rifles to shoot their brother Christians who are so unfortunate as to live on the other side of the Canadian line.

But when it comes to adding this sum to our tax bills it should be remembered in making the assessment, that, as soon as war begins, another hundred millions of dollars of our sea-coast property between Mount Desert and Southern Florida will not probably be worth more than ten cents on a dollar of present prices, and our savings banks, which hold mortgages on such property should, for the benefit of poor people whose savings are invested in them, call in all such mortgages as soon as possible.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A WAR WITH ENGLAND.

We have read in *The Washington Post* that "The Grand Duke Alexis was also at Kiel. He is the head of the Russian navy, and was a frequent visitor to the Americans and, like all the other notables, talked with the utmost frankness to our officers. One day, watching the Columbia, the Grand Duke said to the captain:

"Do you know what most impressed me when I visited your country? The first thing was your wonderful national wealth; the second, the absolutely inadequate means at your disposal for national defense.

"Twice in my career I have heard the project of capturing one or two of your great cities and holding them for ransom deliberately discussed by officers of European fleets."

Saying nothing of the outrage against God and man of trying to get up a war with England, it seems to us that there are certain considerations which no reasonable man, after careful thought and investigation, can overlook.

First: Consider England's navy—the largest in the world—and her enormous mercantile marine, easily armed and changed into vessels of war.

Suppose she should ship 50,000 of the 280,000 men of her regular army on board fifty of her great merchant steamers, and under convoy of an overwhelming force of war vessels, making headquarters and supply stations at Halifax, Jamaica, Bermuda, etc., should move up and down our Atlantic coast—here to-day and there to-morrow—holding cities and towns to ransom.

Oh, yes—at the cost of millions of dollars and a few thousands of lives we could probably conquer Canada and by main force compel her to become unwillingly a part of our nation.

Would that add to our strength? We think not.

We believe that a war with Great Britain would cost our nation more in six months than the whole value of Venezuela.

Saying nothing of the sin and shame of such a war, we think that in our present condition it would be on our part like a battle between a primary school-boy with a bunch of fire crackers and a six-foot policeman armed with club and revolver.

Then how much help should we get from European nations which have never been consulted about our Monroe doctrine, and several of which are connected by marriage with England?

The German Emperor is the grandson of the English Queen.

We think that we had better keep quiet until we have completed those ship canals [which several times we have suggested in this paper] from New York to the Mississippi river, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Johns river—and have spent about five hundred millions of dollars in fortifying the cities and harbors of our great Atlantic and Pacific sea-coasts, and the cities and harbors on all our great lakes—and another five hundred millions in building and arming [with the enormously costly modern cannon] a navy.

Perhaps by that time a million of our Bands of Mercy may make wars unnecessary, or Christian nations may [without fighting each other] find all they can attend to in defending themselves from Asiatic nations, whom they and we are now teaching the art of war.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

What do you think of "The Monroe Doctrine," Mr. Angell?

Answer.—I think that, except so far as it relates to our immediate neighbor, Mexico, that if we were in the place of England and England in ours we should declare any such doctrine to be perfect nonsense, and that the whole outside civilized European world would fully agree with us in that opinion.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IF THERE IS NO ESCAPE.

If there is no escape from this insane folly of appointing a commission to settle a boundary line down in South America—with which we have no more to do than with a boundary line in Southern Africa—let us for God and humanity's sake have three honest Christian men appointed as commissioners, and not three politicians.

It is charged that European nations are now dividing Africa. Which is the better, African or European civilization?

And of European civilization which is the better, Spanish or English?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WAR.

"War! There's a falling out over a miserable back fence down in South America. Let the eagle scream! Twist the lion's tail! Turn on the gore!

Oh, for a pool of purple blood,
 Wherein our lips to lave,
 Oh, in a spouting, crimson flood,
 Let vengeance snorting rave.

'Johnny get your gun!'

Truth.

ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS.

If we had the power we would send all those army and navy officers who are so anxious to get the poor fellows under their command into a fight, out into our Indian Territory to fight each other, and have a suitable force stationed near to hang the survivors.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

We have received several letters suggesting that while *ex-President Harrison* shoots deer for the fun of wounding and killing them, *President Cleveland* shoots ducks.

We have repeatedly called attention to that fact and, as a specimen of what we have said, republish the following, which appeared in our October, 1894, number:

"No one can more regret than we to be compelled, as we were in our July number, to speak as we did of the two last presidents of the United States, who have received the votes of so many millions of their fellow countrymen, and to say to the American press through this paper, sent to the editors of all American publications north of Mexico, that these presidents should have set a better example to the million or more children gathered in our American Bands of Mercy, whose mottoes are 'Glory to God,' 'Peace on Earth,' 'Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every harmless living creature,' than they have set in leaving their presidential duties to wound and kill harmless creatures simply for fun.

The last trip of President Cleveland, according to the *Washington Post*, resulted in the death (saying nothing of the wounded who escaped) of three hundred and eighty-five birds, which were probably enjoying the life their Creator had given them quite as much as the readers of this article.

It was no pleasant task to speak of the wrong doing of these men, and to compare them with Abraham Lincoln, who would as soon have cut off his right arm as to have engaged in such cruel sport, or with Grant, Lee, Sherman, or England's great Irish general, the Duke of Wellington, all distinguished for their humanity to God's lower creatures.

But it was and is plainly a duty which, if we hesitated for one moment to discharge, we should be false to those whom we have undertaken to protect, and unworthy to hold the place which, under Divine Providence, or otherwise, as our readers may choose to think, we have now held for more than a quarter of a century."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOING A DUCKING.

To tramp through the mud and the mire
 For such sport and recreation,
 Seems hardly a work for the President
 Of this great and growing nation.

And the hundreds of birds whose lives he takes
 Have the same right to live as he,
 Who the cares of a great nation forsakes,
 To go on a ducking spree.

WM. THOMAS,
St. Louis, Mo.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-three thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the 61 High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge. The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE BIRDS' THANKSGIVING.

By kind permission of "Donahoe's Magazine."

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

The following letter written by us from London, July 7, 1869, at the time we were threatening war with England on account of our Alabama claims, seems not unsuited for republication at the present time:

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

For the past few weeks I have been mingling constantly with the men, women, and children of the great middling classes, who compose the body of England and Scotland. I have found them orderly, law-abiding, ready to do kindness, expressing kind feelings towards our country, good fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, and wives. I have found great respect for public worship, and all good things,—the streets of cities on Lord's Day almost as quiet as a country village; in their houses, happy, healthy, ruddy faces, flowers, pictures, and birds; at the great Derby races the other day, with half a million of people present, less rowdiness than I have seen at home at some country musters. American as I am, and proud as I am of my country, I doubt much whether our average of honesty, morality, and religion, reverence for God, and love for man, is higher than that of the middling classes in England and Scotland. I need not speculate upon the probabilities, peculiarly, of a conflict between this people and ourselves, whether we should be stronger or England weaker for the loss of Canada or Ireland. I need not count her tremendous navy and almost innumerable mercantile marine, easily armed. I need not picture the cost and devastation each might inflict; but I ask in the name of humanity whether it is necessary that two great Christian nations, praying every

night and morning to the same God, and looking forward to a common inheritance in the same heaven, shall be plunged, now or at any future period, into a fratricidal war? For the sake of humanity and civilization, our common objects here, and our common hope hereafter, God forbid! I know nothing of that statesmanship which seeks to aggrandize one nation at the expense of another; I see no reason why three impartial men cannot settle questions between nations, as well as individuals. But if all other means were to fail, I for one would say, Let us pay all losses ourselves, send a receipted bill to England, and hand down to posterity the noblest example a nation ever set. We are strong and rich. The world knows it. We can afford to be generous.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BOSTON EVENING TRAVELER.

The Boston Evening Traveler can't see why our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should protest against war.

Answer.—First—War is a terrible curse to animals as well as men, and

Second—The protest was also in behalf of our American Humane Education Society which has caused to be established for the purpose of humane education, more than 23,000 Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries, numbering probably more than a million members, and has been sending its humane publications not only to all parts of our own country but also in various languages to many nations, and is perhaps to-day the most important peace society of the world.

"Blessed are the peacemakers."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, January, 1896.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1632, Boston.
Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and thirty-one new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of twenty-three thousand five hundred and twenty-six.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

SINE DIE.

The council halls were filled,
And the wise men in array
Turned the force of all their minds
On the business of the day.

It was voted "that the sparrows
Do deprive our thoroughfares
Of the presence of the song birds"—
[And the reindeers? and the bears?]

"The sparrows must be poisoned—
The sparrows they must die."
And some one then suggested
They would make delicious pie.

Then up spoke a little sparrow,
And he wagged his pretty head,
As to those wise men in council
Sagaciously he said:

"If you vote to poison sparrows,
And dine upon that pi-e,
You will find that you have voted
Your adjournment sine die."

A. T. J.

WHAT ARE THE OBJECTS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY AND WHAT HAS IT ALREADY DONE?

I answer, Its objects are to humanely educate the American people, for the purpose of stopping every form of cruelty, both to human beings and the lower animals.

(1) By enlisting the teachers of every State and Territory to carry humane instructions into all American public and private schools.

(2) By enlisting the educational, religious, and secular press of the country to help form a public sentiment which will tend to check cruelty of every kind.

(3) By enlisting the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of the country in efforts to unite religious and humane education in all their churches and Sunday schools.

(4) By sending humane information, and the gems of humane literature, pictures, songs, and stories, through the press and otherwise, as I have been sending "Our Dumb Animals" and "Black Beauty," all over this country.

(5) By the employment of missionaries, forming "Humane Societies" and hundreds of thousands of "Bands of Mercy" in schools, Sunday schools, and elsewhere, similar to the over twenty-three thousand we have already formed.

(6) By showing the millions of American youth, in ways too numerous to be mentioned in this statement, that every kind word they speak or kind act they do makes their own lives happier, and better prepares them for what may come after.

(7) By building up in our colleges, schools, and elsewhere a spirit of chivalry and humanity, which shall in coming generations substitute ballots for bullets, prevent anarchy and crime, protect the defenceless, maintain the right, and hasten the coming of peace on earth and good will to every harmless living creature, both human and dumb.

For what it has already done since its incorporation, write
GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our Dumb Animals GOES EACH MONTH

In the State to

All members of our two Humane Societies. About 7000 Boston business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

VOUCHED FOR THE JANITOR.—Lady—"Where is the agent for these flats?" Man at the door—"I can rent the flats, mum." "Are the rents reasonable?" "Yes, mum." "What sort of a janitor have you?" "A very good one, mum." "Is he polite and attentive?" "Yes, mum." "Honest?" "Yes, mum." "Does he ever steal from the market baskets of the tenants?" "Never, mum." "He's a good Christian man, is he?" "Yes, mum. A politer, more attentive, honest or more Christian man never lived, mum." "I am delighted to hear that. Where is he now?" "I'm him, mum."—N. Y. Weekly.

WILL MAKE SOME PEOPLE SWEAR.

A friend said of our December editorials, they will give pleasure to many and make some swear.

We have no wish to make anybody do any other kind of swearing except to swear off from their evil practices and become law-abiding citizens—good sons, brothers, husbands, fathers—kind and humane in all the relations of life.

ARIOCH WENTWORTH.

Few names are better or more favorably known in Boston than that of the above-named gentleman. We were glad to receive from him, December 3d, the following kind letter:

BOSTON, December 3, 1895.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir—Your fearless energy in writing and speaking for those that cannot speak for themselves excites my sympathy.

Here find my check for \$50, to help push.

ARIOCH WENTWORTH.

A LETTER WORTH MORE TO US THAN THE \$100 ENCLOSED.

DECEMBER 7, 1895.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Of all the different benevolent works which now [at the close of the year] present their claims, there is not one of which I think with such fervent gratitude as yours.

The habit of kindness which your American Humane Education Society inculcates is, I think, doing more to make people live and love the precepts of the Golden Rule, than any other organization, either secular or religious, that the world knows.

You are exposing cruelty, making it hideous, while you set forth the beauty of holy and righteous compassion. God speed you as you protect the lowly and the helpless—especially while you measure out justice and law to those occupying high places of responsibility and wealth.

Please accept to aid your work the enclosed one hundred dollars.

ANOTHER KIND LETTER.

In a kind letter received December 20th, from Mrs. Annie L. Lowry of Philadelphia, we find a check of \$50.00 to our American Humane Education Society as a Christmas gift, and in which she says, "parents and kind friends running to and fro are trying to find something to send to those they love, but how many of them are thinking of God's dumb creatures which do so much more for them than many of those who receive their gifts."

The letter closes, "May God bless you, and He who gave the best gift to man spare you many a Christmas to care for those who cannot care or speak for themselves."

A BEAUTIFUL STORY FOR CHILDREN.

We think we have never in our whole lifetime read a more beautiful story for children than one just come to our table, written by Miss Marshall Saunders, who wrote our American Humane Education Society's prize story, "Beautiful Joe."

Its title is "Charles and His Lamb." It is a relation of actual facts as interesting as any fiction. It is published by Geo. H. Buchanan & Co., Philadelphia, and is doubtless for sale by booksellers generally. It ought to be read to the children in a million homes, and all mothers who read what we have here said, and buy and read this story to their children, will be grateful to us for bringing it to their attention.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A Western Congressman is quoted as saying that when he first entered Congress he wondered how he ever got there, but later on wondered how any of them ever got there.

The President's war message first appeared in Boston papers, *Tuesday evening*, December 17th.

Wednesday morning, December 18th, on suggestion of President Angell the resolutions on the first page were *unanimously passed* and published at once in Boston daily papers—being, we believe, the *first published action* taken by any organization in this country to offset the *jingo cyclone* which astonished the *thinking people of America* as much as it did the rest of the civilized world.

BRITISH ARMY

153,696



AMERICAN ARMY 281,542

MILITIA



BRITISH 564,000.

U.S. 112,190.

BRITISH NAVY

350 SHIPS



AMERICAN NAVY 76 SHIPS

We are indebted to *The Boston Journal* for the above cut, but the British figures are too small. Great Britain has about 665,000 effective soldiers and 567 war vessels, including 60 battle ships.

HOW THE POLICE HELP US.

Saturday night, November 30, after our offices were closed, a kind-hearted man came to our home and told us that officers on the ship *Italia of Hamburg*, were shooting and wounding the pigeons on the wharf with revolvers, and had already killed and wounded quite a number, and that the next day, Sunday, was likely to be the worst day of all.

We immediately telephoned the Superintendent of Police, and he promptly gave orders to have the business stopped, and it was stopped most effectually, the captain of the ship promising that there should never again be any cause for complaint. GEO. T. ANGELL.

TRYING TO IMITATE GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In one of our most respected daily papers of December 5th, we read a statement of terrible cruelty inflicted on Friend Street, on an old, broken-down horse, so feeble that constant application of the whip was necessary to keep it on the move—that the whip was mercilessly applied and one of the stable boys kicked with all his might the feeble fore legs of the beast, and succeeded in knocking the feet of the horse from under him, and he fell helpless to the ground—that then came more whippings and kickings, and the street was completely blocked for all traffic until a Sergeant of Police made things all right and the horse was led hobbling to the stable.

On investigation by our officers, the Sergeant of Police above referred to states:

First: That it was not a feeble animal, but a horse in good average condition.

Second: That it was not kicked by any stable boy nor whipped, to his knowledge, by the driver.

Third: That the horse's feet were not knocked out from under him, but he slipped and fell accidentally.

Fourth: That the street was not blocked for traffic and teams were passing at the time.

Fifth: And that the horse was not led hobbling to the stable.

We are led by the above and other similar cases which appear from time to time, to say:

First: That unless the reporter above referred to gets some new spectacles he will never be suspected of trying to imitate George Washington. And

Second: That it would save us lots of trouble if, instead of rushing into the newspapers with such statements, reporters would kindly report them at our offices. GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR PROPOSED UNION with all the quarrelsome Spanish republics of Central and South America would result, it is to be feared, very differently from "The Happy Family" in Barnum's Museum.

European nations would of course form a league against us, and we should have the privilege of doing most of the fighting and paying pretty much all the bills.

(From the Boston Post of Dec. 4th.)

There is a great fluttering of wings about the broad window sills on the fourth story of the building at 19 Milk Street at 11 o'clock each day. That is the hour that the windows at the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' office are raised and a corn feast is spread for the pigeons. It is a pretty sight to see these graceful birds coming from all directions at the approach of 11 o'clock. They circle about over the building or alight by the windows, and set up a most vigorous cooing and singing of their peculiar kind until the meal is dispensed, when they fly away, not to return until the next morning. This feeding of the birds is a kindly deed worthy of the great society with the long name that has done so much good for the dumb brutes.

ONE THING.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. They have no cheap edition.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman, and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Our last edition of "The Strike at Shane's" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "Hollyhurst" 20,000.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society, on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our "American Humane Education Society"—gratuitously circulated by "American Humane Education Society"—write GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for protection of birds.
- (2) Placards for protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

NEWPORT, R. I.

From the Superintendent of Public Schools.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 6, 1893.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Dear Sir,—The supplies [for our *Bands of Mercy*] came safely and have been distributed among the various schools. We offer our sincere thanks.

Your agent, Mr. Hubbard, labored very faithfully in this city in organizing the *Bands of Mercy*, and proved to be a very entertaining speaker to the young.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJ. BAKER,

Superintendent of Schools.

THE CANARY ISLANDS.

We have received lots of communications in relation to terrible cruelties inflicted on animals in the Canary Islands.

We have written various parties in relation to the same; have sent over a considerable number of humane publications, and would urge all our readers who may visit these islands, or who may in any way be able to bring influence to bear on them, to aid us in endeavoring to stop these cruelties.

OVERHEARD IN AN ELECTRIC.

Young lady, with some animal carefully bundled up in her lap.

Conductor: "It's contrary to rule to carry dogs in this car!"

Young lady, snappishly: "'Taint a dog!"

Conductor: "It's contrary to rule to carry cats in this car!"

Young lady: "'Taint a cat—it's a rabbit!"

Conductor: "Well, dogs is dogs and cats is cats—but rabbits is insects. You can carry it."

[We hope that rabbit was not on its way to Wellesley College or other young ladies' school to be vivisected.—EDITOR.]

CANNOT IGNORE THE CAPITALISTS.

We think it was Semmes who, on board the *Alabama*, overhauling a Northern merchant vessel, was told that she had some Portuguese cargo, and replied *he didn't care a — for the Portuguese*. But on being subsequently told that she had also British cargo, concluded to let her go.

When in the winter of 1880 and '81 we undertook to re-organize and establish the dead Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Washington, all the daily papers of the city gave us encouragement and aid—but when we attempted to get action of Congress to prevent the sale of poisonous and dangerously adulterated foods and other articles, *they published not a word to help us*, and to our surprise, we soon learned [in cases that came to our knowledge], that *New York capitalists* controlled not only "the National Board of Trade," and "the National Board of Health," but also "the Associated Press"—and it was only after three defeats before congressional committees that we finally secured the desired action, sent out, at our own personal expense, thousands of copies of a hundred pages of manuscript evidence we had collected over our own and other countries, and laid the foundation of laws on the subject which have since been enacted in various and perhaps many States.

We did not blame the editors, because we knew they were controlled by the capitalists.

Neither do we now blame editors [nine-tenths of whom would be glad to aid us] for not helping much when we feel it a duty to attack the *wrong doings of millionaires*, because, from our past experience, we know that many editors cannot ignore the capitalists who own the stock.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

I have found it difficult to feed the birds in snowy, drift weather, but this winter I have commenced a plan that I am quite sure will be a success. I take a loaf of baker's bread, costing five cents, and cut it lengthwise in halves, and tie each half of the loaf to the limb of a tree, and to watch the birds is as good as a circus.—*Fibre and Fabric*.

Blanket your Horse.

Warm the bits before using.

Feed the Birds.

WHO WEAR THEM?

(From Fashion Notes, in *New York Ladies' World*.)

Dead birds are worn this winter chiefly by frivolous women and girls and thoughtless women of all sorts. When so many beautiful ornaments and laces abound, and so many ribbons and fabrics, there is no excuse to be offered for following a senseless and cruel fashion.

THE LADIES' WORLD.

In the "Christmas" number of that beautiful paper, *The Ladies' World*, published in New York city, we find nearly a column devoted to the work of our two humane societies, which its editor-in-chief sends us with kind wishes.

SOME PEOPLE THINK.

Some people think it wrong for our societies for the protection of animals to interfere with vivisections and dissections.

What are our societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals established for, if not to endeavor to protect them from every form of cruelty?

Are we to sit silent while they are suffering?

It is our business to speak and act for them, and say and do for them what they would say and do for themselves if they had the power.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOOTBALL.

In the *Ladies' Home Journal* of last November we find the following:

"How disastrous and fatal were these displays last year will be brought home more directly to people when by carefully-computed figures it is shown that *forty-six deaths* resulted last year from collegiate games of foot-ball within a period of four months. And the figures I have quoted represent simply the death-list."

"Last year, for example, at a game played in Philadelphia, over \$41,000 changed hands on the result, while at a Springfield game fully \$75,000 was wagered and lost, a single bet as high as \$8,000 being made."

"A bull-fight would be at once frowned down if attempted in America, and yet the records of Spain show that during the year of 1894 only twelve men lost their lives in the arena. Surely that is creditable in comparison with the American foot-ball death record."

A FRIEND DOES NOT THINK.

A friend does not think well of our proposition to establish a Department of Pugilism in our colleges.

We answer: *It is a thousand times better than to establish departments devoted to the killing and cutting up of cats, dogs, and other animals.*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

One gun to be placed on the battleship *Indiana* is forty feet long, weighs sixty-seven tons, requires 550 pounds of powder for every fire, throws a shell thirteen miles, and costs a fortune.

We wish we had the cost of that one gun to aid us in convincing the world that "Peace on Earth" is better than fighting.

OUR COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

Towards what are they drifting? Mrs. Poteat, of New Haven, tells in the *New York Herald* of Nov. 24 why she would not send a son to Yale—drinking—gambling—and things worse.

She adds, "Last June the graduating class of the scientific school [where we presume they cut up cats and other animals] went to a local shore resort, and a city paper described what occurred under the title, "*Inferno at Savin Rock*."

Some of the things said to have been done there were too infamous to be mentioned in our columns, yet they were done by a graduating class of Yale University.

How much worse is Yale than other American Colleges and Universities?

In the same copy of the *New York Herald* we find that every student who enters Cornell University is required to dissect a cat during his freshman or sophomore year, some 400 cats being annually required for that purpose.

Will our readers kindly tell us the names of Christian colleges where young boys are subjected to no special danger of being led into drunkenness, gambling and other vice—and where it is not thought necessary to teach them to kill and dissect cats, dogs and other animals?

We wish to know the names of colleges and universities which we can recommend to the members of our over 23,000 *Bands of Mercy*; and we wish the name of no institution which is annually sending out with its diplomas educated devils to curse the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MATT PINKERTON, DETECTIVE.

Matt Pinkerton of the great Pinkerton Detective Agency, in a recent address to a union meeting of the Chicago clergy, reported in *The Chicago Record* of November 28th, says in regard to murder:

"Most children manifest a decided disposition to destroy animal and insect life. Many a fond mother's heart has thrilled with dismay at discovering her beloved infant prodigy in the act of pulling off the wings of a fly or decapitating a toad. If these early manifestations of a desire to slay are not chargeable to an inherent impulse how are we to account for them. Something of the same kind is observable in matured manhood. No end of animal life has been wantonly taken, not for the purpose of procuring food or raiment but for the mere pleasure of killing."

Mr. Pinkerton explains how [in his judgment] this disposition in children to destroy life leads up to murder and other crimes, and closes with the injunction, "Take care of the children."

What sort of care are many of our schools giving to the children through teaching them to kill and cut up cats, dogs and other animals?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

POPPING CORN.

One autumn night, when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in heavy dashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,
Popping corn in the ashes;
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,
Sat looking on, just close to his knee.

Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the embers flying;
The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,
And kept it busily plying;
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,
And faster jumped to a clean-swept floor.

Part of the kernels flew one way,
And a part hopped out the other;
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of the brother.
The little girl gathered them in a heap,
And called them "a flock of milk-white sheep."

Mr. Trueblood, secretary of The American Peace Society, thinks our American Humane Education Society ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT peace societies of the world.

We agree.

BLOW UP THE WELLAND CANAL.

We asked a whole party of intelligent gentlemen this Dec. 21st where the Welland Canal is. The only man who knew told us it was in New Jersey.



WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST.

TWO KINDS OF ARMIES.

[From Address of Geo. T. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tennessee.]

TWO KINDS OF ARMIES.

There are two kinds of armies in the world—armies of cruelty and armies of mercy.

Of one kind are the armies of war.

For thousands of years they have been marching on to battle-fields for the purpose of destroying human life.

Personally, the individuals composing those armies have had no cause of offence; personally they might have been friends. Many of them have belonged to the same Christian churches and have been looking forward to an inheritance in the same Heaven.

Yet at the command of politicians they have marched on to battle-fields to kill each other, and the armies which could kill the greater number—pile the battle-grounds with the largest heaps of dead and wounded horses and men—have won glorious victories, and costly monuments have been erected to tell future generations what a noble thing it is for Christian men to kill each other in this way.

But within the past few years something new has come on to these battle-fields, and the distant spectator looking over the smoke of the battle has seen floating from the top of some high building on either side a flag different from all the rest—a white flag with a red cross on it.

What does that mean?

It means another army on that battle field, seeking to save the lives which the others are seeking to destroy—going out with stretchers—bringing in the wounded—binding up the wounds—taking messages to the wives and mothers at home—speaking words of comfort and cheer to the dying.

It is one division of the great army of mercy.

On the stormy nights of winter, when the tempest is on and the great waves come rolling in on our Atlantic coast, if you could look through the darkness you would see for hundreds of miles along the coast, strong men, bronzed by exposure to the weather, walking all night long like sentinels, up and down, peering out into the darkness.

By and by a vessel—perhaps a great steamer—comes driving ashore. A signal light is

flashed; other strong men come hurrying down the coast with life-saving apparatus. If a boat can live, the life-boat is launched and, manned by brave fellows, pulls out into the storm. If a boat cannot live, then a life-line is fired over the vessel, a cable is drawn on board, a chair is rigged on the cable, and backward and forward it plies until every passenger and every sailor is saved.

Another division of the great army of mercy.

A fire breaks out to-night here in Nashville in some high building, and the sleepers, suddenly awakened, rush down and out of the building—now the staircase is burning—now a frantic mother discovers that her little child has been left sleeping in the fourth story.

But the fire alarm has sounded—you hear the horses galloping down the street—a ladder is planted against the building, a brave fireman goes up, a stream of water is turned on him to protect him from the flames, he enters the building, he comes to the window with the little child in his arms, he descends the ladder and places it in the arms of its mother.

Another division of the great army of mercy.

And here comes this wonderful organization of yours, seeking to save from worse than wars that murder, or waters that drown, or fires that burn.

What a power it has already. How rapidly it has grown.

What is the secret?

I have read that a certain king once undertook to build a temple to the Almighty, and that he might have all the glory to himself alone, commanded that no one should be permitted to help. When completed, he directed that his name should be inscribed on the wall to stand forever as the giver. But in the night an angel came and erased his name from the wall, and wrote in place of it the name of a poor widow.

The king in wrath commanded the widow to come before him, and demanded what she had done toward the building of the temple. With fear she answered: "I loved the Lord and wanted to do something to help build his house; but you had commanded otherwise, so I only gave a few wisps of hay to the horses that drew the stones." And the king commanded that her name should remain where the

angel had written it, because she had worked for the glory of God, while he had worked only for his own.

And there, my friends, is the secret of this great organization of yours. While politicians all over this country are sitting on their political fences, crying out good Lord!—good Devil! (for we don't know whose hands we are going to fall into)—here comes this great army of Christian women marching under the banner of the cross, without one selfish purpose or thought, seeking only the glory of God and the welfare of mankind.

If one with God is a majority, what are two hundred thousand?

Wise, I think, will be the party that recognizes the power of two hundred thousand Christian women marching under the banner of the cross, and foolish, I think, as Belshazzar, when the fingers of a hand wrote on his palace wall, will be the party that tries to ignore it.

OUR ADDRESS BEFORE THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We are glad to know that our address given before all the sixty-one High, Latin, Normal and Grammar schools of Boston a few years ago is now being widely called for and being circulated among teachers of other States.

The reading of it by the teachers to their schools gives them substantially the same information and thought which we were glad to put before the pupils in our one hour addresses to the Boston schools.

HOW FORTUNE-TELLERS GET YOUR DOLLAR.

You've had sickness and trouble. You'll have some property fall to you. You do not have full confidence in your husband. You have a very gentle nature. Everybody loves you. You have had trouble with a relative. It was not your fault. Beware of a blue-eyed woman with a mole on her left cheek. One dollar—call again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The question is asked us "what is your circulation?"

Answer, Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000—occasionally 100,000 to 200,000.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PEABODY ACADEMY OF SCIENCE,
SALEM, MASS.

We have received from Mr. John Robinson, treasurer and in charge of the "museum" of the above institution, a most interesting letter in which he severely attacks the killing of birds and taking their eggs to form useless private collections.

He says centrally located public museums are amply sufficient for all purposes and render it absolutely unnecessary to kill birds for school use.

The idea of vivisection, he says, is simply abhorrent as applied to schools of any sort.

DISSECTIONS AND VIVISECTIONS.

(From the New Science Review.)

In the October, '95, number of the *New Science Review* published quarterly, [in New York, Philadelphia and London] we find an article on vivisection by J. Emery McLean, from which we quote the following:

"A tremendous evil is threatened by the recent introduction, under the head of physiology, of the dissection of live animals in certain public schools, which can have none other than a degrading effect on the plastic minds of children.

It fosters whatever inherited cruelty may exist in their undeveloped faculties, and brutalizes the finer instincts of the race at the very threshold of life.

Take, for instance, a class of boys in such a school, and watch the majority of them during experiments in vivisection. They seem actually to gloat over the agonies of the tortured animal, while apparently oblivious to the 'scientific' teachings which their instructor seeks to impart. They appear unable to realize that it is simply a lesson in physiology. Indeed, the visual sense seldom reverts to anything beyond the immediate object of its fascination. Thus the harrowing sight, becoming photographed on the retina of the mind, dominates the subsequent acts of the observer.

Incited by what he has witnessed and is unable to forget, such a student is usually impressed to undertake experiments on his own account, and often a pet animal is sacrificed to satisfy the child's thirst for 'knowledge.'

Does vivisection lead to crime? It does most assuredly, even among those in whom the mania has been artificially developed. How much greater, then, is the danger in the case of a child who is born with a hereditary tendency to cruelty? His evil disposition is intensified inevitably."

BURIAL OF THE SUPPOSED DEAD.

We sent the following petition last winter to the Legislature of each of the United States and Territories: To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the State of

Respectfully petitions The American Humane Education Society [Incorporated by Special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts], and having, with officers in various States, its headquarters in Boston, that it may please your honorable bodies to enact a law requiring a careful and competent inspection, previous to burial, of all persons supposed to be deceased. By suggestion of the editor of the *New York World* and others, we send the same petition to the Legislature of every State.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY,
By GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

It seems to be doubtful whether, in many cases, any sign of death short of the beginning of decay is absolutely reliable.

G. T. A.

VIVISECTION.

[Extract from the annual address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, by Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, Professor of Surgery in Harvard University. Published in *Our Dumb Animals*, January, 1872.]

"How few facts of immediate considerable value to our race have of late years been extorted from the dreadful sufferings of dumb animals—the cold-blooded cruelties now more and more practised under the authority of science! The horrors of vivisection have supplanted the solemnity, the thrilling fascination of the old unethicized operation upon the human sufferer."

"For every inch cut by one of these experimenters in the quivering tissues of the helpless dog or rabbit or guinea pig, let him insert a lancet one-eighth of an inch into his own skin, and for every inch more he cuts let him advance the lancet another eighth of an inch, and whenever he seizes, with ragged forceps, a nerve or spinal marrow, the seat of all that is concentrated and exquisite in agony, or literally tears out nerves by their roots, let him cut only one-eighth of an inch further, and he may have some faint suggestion of the atrocity he is perpetrating, when the guinea-pig shrieks, the poor dog yells, the noble horse groans and strains,—the heartless vivisector perhaps resenting the struggle which annoys him. My heart sickens as I recall the spectacle at Alfort, in former times, of a wretched horse, one of many hundreds broken with age and disease, resulting from lifelong and honest devotion to man's service, bound upon the floor, his skin scored with a knife like a gridiron, his eyes and ears cut out, his teeth pulled, his arteries laid bare, his nerves exposed and pinched and severed, his hoofs pared to the quick, and every conceivable and fiendish torture inflicted upon him, while he groaned and gasped, his life carefully preserved under this continued and hellish torment, from early morning until afternoon, for the purpose, as it was avowed, of familiarizing the pupil with the motions of the animal."

This was surgical vivisection on a little larger scale and transcends but little the scenes in a physiological laboratory.

"I have heard it said that 'somebody must do this.' I say it is needless. Nobody should do it. Watch the students at a vivisection. It is the blood and suffering, not the science, that rivets their breathless attention. If hospital service makes young students less tender of suffering, vivisection deadens their humanity and begets indifference to it.

In experiments upon the nervous system of the living animal, whose sensibility must be kept alive, not benumbed by the blessed influence of anaesthesia, a prodigal waste of suffering results from the difficulty of assigning to each experiment its precise and proximate effect. The ruffled feathers of a pigeon deprived of his cerebellum may indicate not so much a specific action of the cerebellum on the skin as the more probable fact that the poor bird feels sick.

The rotary phenomena, once considered so curious a result of the removal of a cerebral lobe, were afterwards suspected to proceed from the struggles of the victim with his remaining undamaged and unpalated side.

Who can say whether the guinea-pig, the pinching of whose carefully sensitized neck throws him into convulsions, attains this blessed momentary respite of insensibility by an unexplained special machinery of the nervous currents, or a sensibility too exquisitely acute for animal endurance! Better that I or my friend should die than protract existence through accumulated years of torture upon animals whose exquisite suffering we cannot fail to infer, even though they may have neither voice nor feature to express it.

If a skillfully constructed hypothesis could be elaborated up to the point of experimental test by the most accomplished and successful philosopher, and if then a single experiment, though cruel, would forever settle it, we might reluctantly admit that it was justified. But the instincts of our common humanity indignantly remonstrate against the testing of clumsy or unimportant hypothesis by prodigal experimentation, or making the torture of animals an exhibition to enlarge a medical school, or for the entertainment of students, not one in fifty of whom can turn it to any profitable account. The limit of such physio-

logical experiment, in its utmost latitude, should be to establish truth in the hands of a skillful experimenter with the greatest economy of suffering, and not to demonstrate it to ignorant classes and encourage them to repeat it. The reaction which follows every excess will, in time, bear indignantly upon this. Until then, it is dreadful to think how many poor animals will be subjected to excruciating agony. As one medical college after another becomes penetrated with the idea that vivisection is a part of modern teaching, and that, to hold way with other institutions, they, too, must have their vivisector, their mutilated dogs, their guinea-pigs, their rabbits, their chambers of torture and of horrors to advertise as a laboratory."

Was there a more eminent surgeon in Boston or New England a few years ago than Dr. Henry J. Bigelow?—EDITOR.

A MISTAKE.

We are told that statements are going about that we have visited "*Clark University*" and "*The Harvard Medical School*," and expressed our satisfaction.

Both statements are untrue.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOD PITY THE POOR.

God pity the poor who are wearily sitting
By desolate hearthstones, cold, cheerless and bare,
From which the last ember's pale flicker has faded,
Like hope dying out in the midst of despair;
Who look on the wide world and see it a desert
Where ripple no waters, no green branches wave;
Who see in a future as dark as the present
No rest but the deathbed, no home but the grave.

God pity the poor, for the wealthy are often
As hard as the winter and cold as its snow,
While fortune makes sunshine and summer around them,

They care not for others nor think of their woe;
Or if from their plenty a trifle be given,
So doubtfully, grudgingly often 'tis doled
That to the receiver their "charity" seemeth
More painful than hunger, more bitter than cold.

God pity the poor, for though all men are brothers,
Though all say, "Our Father," not mine, when they pray,

The proud ones of earth turn aside from the lowly
As if they were fashioned of different clay.
They seem not in those who in meekness and patience

Toil—poverty, pain, without murmur endure—
The image of him whose first couch was a manger,
Who chose for our sakes to be homeless and poor.

God pity the poor! Give them courage and patience
Their trials, temptations and troubles to brave,
And pity the wealthy whose idol is fortune,
For gold cannot gladden the gloom of the grave.
And as this brief life, whether painful or pleasant,
To one that is endless but opens the door,
The heart sighs while thinking on palace and hovel—

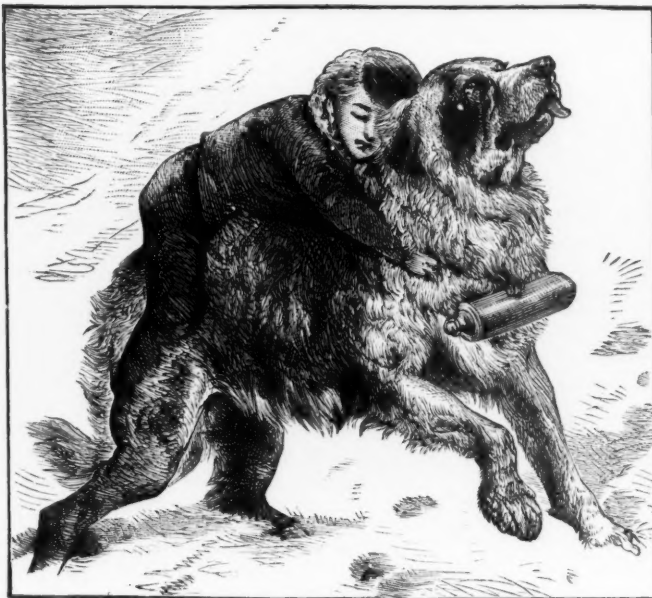
God pity the wealthy as well as the poor!

SIR BENJAMIN RICHARDSON.

This eminent English physician, after giving various indications of death, says, "If these signs leave any doubt, or even if they leave no doubt, one further point of practice should be carried out. The body should be kept in a room the temperature of which has been raised to a heat of 84 deg. Fahrenheit, with moisture diffused through the air, and in this warm and moist atmosphere it should remain until distinct indications of putrefactive decomposition have set in."

FROM LIFE OF REV. DR. G. W. BRIGGS, WELL
KNOWN IN BOSTON.

A very strange incident in his life was the long trance into which he fell about ten years ago. For about five weeks before Thanksgiving he suffered from a severe attack of hiccoughing. Everything was done to relieve him, but without success. On the Sunday after Thanksgiving he became unconscious, and remained so for six months. His family hardly knew whether he was dead or alive during this time. In May, when he had been taken down to his summer home in Plymouth, he suddenly awoke one day. The first thing he noticed was the verdure about the house, so remarkable, as he said, for November, for he had a clear recollection of the day when his trance came on.



A DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

SONG OF THE TRAVELLERS OVER THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

St. Bernard is a mountain grand
As any there is in Switzerland;
And many a legend of it is told,
How Hannibal with his legions bold
Came over its pass in the days of old.
But what care we for that bygone age,
For better subjects our hearts engage
In the noble monks of St. Bernard,
Who o'er the snow region keep watch and ward.

Chorus.

Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble monks,
And the dogs of St. Bernard,
Who over the regions of ice and snow
Keep vigilant watch and ward.

St. Bernard owns a convent old,
Its prior and monks are as good as gold,
Nine hundred years or more it has stood,
And noble the deeds of its brotherhood,
And noble the deeds of its servants good —
Its servants, the grand old dogs whose name
All over the world is known to fame,
Whose service asks no greater reward
Than the love of the monks of St. Bernard.

Chorus.

Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble monks,
And the dogs of St. Bernard,
Who over the regions of ice and snow
Keep vigilant watch and ward.

The Animal World, London.

IN THE WINTRY WOODS.

Did it ever occur to you, my young readers,
that at this new year tide, when the earth
seems wrapped in frost and snow, and the
woods in which you ramble on summer days
are bending 'neath the weight of snow-laden
boughs, that in the depths of these old New
England forests there is active life still stir-
ring? Do you ever wonder as to the habits of
our winter neighbors?

What! didn't know we had any?

Do you remember at the first breath of chilly
air, when the brown ground hid beneath the
white snow flakes those soft gray clad bird-
lings with white breasts, that flew like a
misty cloud about the hedge, hunting crumbs?
These are the snow birds, that play hide and
seek among the pine boughs during the winter

and nestle for warmth among the sheltered
places of the woods.

Sometimes, when heavy storms drift into
their homes and cover up the food they know
of, they fly swiftly around our human nests,
and often come into the big barns of the
country, as if for protection.

But have you ever watched for the blue
jay? — such a brilliant patch of gleaming color
against his frosty surroundings.

His bright eyes find every visible bud or
seed on tree and bush to make his morning
meal.

The woodpeckers, of various kinds, drum
busily upon hollow logs, and woe betides the
insect when its winter hiding-place is found
by the long sharp tongue of our feathery
friend. One of the largest birds that has a
constitution strong enough to withstand our
rigorous climate is the owl.

Sheltered by the great trunks of the trees,
hidden from the creeping sunshine, finding
shadowy nooks each day, this great bunch of
feathers sleeps away the hours of light and
when the "evening shadows lengthen" comes
out from his sequestered nook and takes a look
about him in the darkness.

Ghostly sentinels of the night they seem,
but in reality they are very beautiful crea-
tures, wondrously and warmly clad in their
winter overcoats of downy feathers, and their
habits of life are interesting indeed to study.

These are not nearly all our winter neigh-
bors of the forests.

Over the white-crested drifts you will find
tiny footprints, where perchance some con-
vention of the rabbit family has been held.
The winding pathways of these fairy-like foot-
prints will lead you into the very depths of the
forest, if you follow them, where our four-
footed friend, in his ermine robe, will blink
at you from his bright eyes, and with a tilt of
his long ears, as much as to say "catch me if
you can," will show you his longer hind legs
as he leaps away o'er his frozen race-track,
and it's a spry hunter that catches Mr.
Rabbit.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR CATS!

An advertise-
ment in one of
Boston's daily
papers of largest
circulation calls
for a large num-
ber of cats for
vivisection. Of
course lots of
boys will be try-
ing to steal and
sell cats.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR CATS!



THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

So, among pine boughs and beneath their
white-capped greenery, all these little folks of
the animal world are having their holidays.
And we wish to them and our readers a glad
and peaceful New Year.

IN NORTHERN MAINE.

[Commended to the careful consideration of ex-
President Harrison and others who shoot deer for
the fun of killing them.]

In the northern part of Maine, fifteen miles
from the nearest neighbor, is a large and com-
fortable farm, where the wild folk of the
woods are very happy, because the farmer who
lives there will not allow any bird or beast to
be killed on his property.

The wild deer know they are safe there, for
nearly every afternoon three or four would
come out and feed in a field near the house,
and we could go very near without frighten-
ing them.

The farmer has many sheep and lambs, and
carries salt to the pasture for them every
morning, and often at nightfall he sees the
deer at the same place where salt was given to
the sheep.

He tells the story of a hunter who came to
his house one autumn to kill deer, and when
he found that the farmer would not have them
killed on his farm he was anxious to go farther
on, so the farmer harnessed a horse to take
him to Moose River. As they drove along
they saw a deer feeding near the edge of the
wood; it lifted its graceful head and came
down within a few feet of the carriage, walk-
ing along and watching the men with its
beautiful, trustful eyes.

"Why don't you shoot?" asked the farmer.
"You want to kill a deer."

"Shoot that deer!" replied the hunter. "I
wouldn't hurt it for a thousand dollars! The
man who would shoot a creature like that would
be a villain."

This is one of the stories the farmer likes to
tell.

'Twas a bitter cold morning; the new-fallen snow
Had pierced every crack where a snowflake could
go;

The streams were all solid, the ice sharp and clear;
And even the fishes were chilly, I fear.

Almost all the wild creatures were troubled and
cold,

And sighed for sweet Summer, the shy and the bold;
But one thrifty family, as you must know,
Was breakfasting merrily under the snow.

Close by a tall tree, in a hole in the ground,
Which led to a parlor, with leaves cushioned round,
Five jolly red squirrels were sitting at ease,
And eating their breakfast as gay as you please.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- | | | | | |
|---|--|--|--|---|
| 23296 Portland, Me.
Peake Island School.
Pansy Band.
P., Miss Parker. | 23341 Tacoma, Wash.
I'll Remember Band.
P., Florence Bossé. | 23385 Walker School.
J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Anna M. Roberts. | 23435 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Collins. | 23485 Presbyterian Church Band.
P., M. Graham, Esq. |
| 23297 Long Island School.
Hope Band.
P., Miss Hughey. | 23342 Providence, R. I.
Little Defender Band.
P., Annie Carnoe. | 23386 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Sullivan. | 23436 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Shattuck. | 23486 N. Y. City, N. Y.
Merciful Band.
P., J. H. Rotchford. |
| 23298 Star Band.
P., Miss Webber. | 23343 Green Castle, Iowa.
Green Castle Band.
P., Miss Mand Pease. | 23387 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Comins. | 23437 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Rice. | 23487 Buffalo, N. Y.
Buffalo Band.
P., Amy E. Smith. |
| 23299 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Dow. | 23344 Whittier, Cal.
Orange Blossom Band.
P., Flora B. Churchman. | 23388 Violet Band.
P., Miss Little. | 23438 Violet Band.
P., Miss Ober. | 23488 Roaring River, N. C.
Oak Forest Band.
P., Miss Gertrude Foster. |
| 23300 West School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Carlton. | 23345 Los Angeles, Cal.
Golden Rod Band.
P., Helen M. Powell. | 23389 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Jackman. | 23439 Belvidere School.
Star Band.
P., Mable E. Rogers. | 23489 Shelton, Wash.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. Robert Sheeder. |
| 23301 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Curtis. | 23346 Providence, R. I.
Good Will Band.
P., Miss Ella Blackburn. | 23390 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Stimson. | 23440 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Wilson. | 23490 Blackstone, Mass.
Blackstone Grammar School
Band No. 2.
P., Miss Mary Stewart. |
| 23302 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Ricker. | 23347 Barnet, Vt.
Arbutus Band.
P., Harold E. McGaffey. | 23391 Pennacook School.
Hiawatha Band.
P., Mary E. Melitani. | 23441 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Burns. | 23491 Berkeley, Cal.
Golden Gate Band.
P., Miss Grace Hanchett. |
| 23303 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Waldron. | 23348 Sidney, N. Y.
Busy Bee Band.
P., Howard Allen. | 23392 Benjamin Franklin Band.
P., Miss Barnes. | 23442 Arlington School.
Defender Band.
P., Ella M. Armes. | 23492 Weatherford, Texas.
Weatherford Band.
P., Mamie E. Fain. |
| 23304 Hope Band.
P., Miss Chaplin. | 23349 N. Stoughton, Mass.
N. Stoughton Band.
P., Miss Myrtle E. Frost. | 23393 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Durgin. | 23443 Protector Band.
P., Miss Dodge. | 23493 Vesta, Ind.
Lily Band.
P., A. D. Adams. |
| 23305 Star Band.
P., Miss Fuller. | 23350 Jefferson, Ohio.
Hillside Band.
P., Walter P. Edson. | 23394 Pansy Band.
P., Miss McQuesten. | 23444 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Tolles. | 23494 Charleston, Mass.
Prescott Band.
P., Marcella C. Coyle. |
| 23306 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Agasson. | 23351 Sidney, N. Y.
Hope Band.
P., Grace Mason. | 23395 Rumford School.
Defender Band.
P., Harriet E. Kimball. | 23445 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Shea. | 23495 Loomis, N. Y.
Loomis Band.
P., Floyd Simmons. |
| 23307 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Proctor. | 23352 Good Cheer Band.
P., Mary Potter. | 23396 Daniel Webster Band.
P., Miss Rollins. | 23446 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Gould. | 23496 McClure Settlement, N. Y.
Hope Band.
P., Elizabeth A. Shellman. |
| 23308 Brackett School.
Geo. Wash. Band.
P., Miss Stackpole. | 23353 Rosebud Band.
P., Ella Perrin. | 23397 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Ingalls. | 23447 Lily Band.
P., Miss Holmes. | 23497 Rochester, Pa.
Excelsior Band.
P., Mrs. Elizabeth C. McCoy. |
| 23309 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Gony. | 23354 Golden Rod Band.
P., Maud Knapp. | 23398 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Kennedy. | 23448 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Miss Fiske. | 23498 Falmouth, Maine.
Falmouth Band.
P., Henry J. Merrill. |
| 23310 Star Band.
P., Miss Stubbs. | 23355 Hope Band.
P., Lee Benedict. | 23399 Franklin School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Addie F. Straw. | 23449 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Miss Putnam. | 23499 Charlestown, Mass.
Kind Actions Band.
P., A. H. Nichols. |
| 23311 Hope Band.
P., Miss Fales. | 23356 White Rose Band.
P., Ada Perrin. | 23400 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Miss Leary. | 23450 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Reilly. | 23500 Chicago, Ill.
Junior Epworth Band.
P., Anna Golden. |
| 23312 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Sawyer. | 23357 Purity Band.
P., Margaret V. Burns. | 23401 Columbus Band.
P., Miss Britton. | 23451 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Colburn. | 23501 Waynesburg, Pa.
Junior Chris. Endeavor Band.
P., Edith McGara. |
| 23313 Excelsior Band.
P., S. J. Blanpied. | 23358 W. Oneonta, N. Y.
Christian Band.
P., Mamie Conklin. | 23402 Sargent Band.
P., Miss Sargent. | 23452 Main St. School.
Geo. Washington Band.
P., Fannie A. Morrison. | 23502 Lynchburg, Va.
Whittier Band.
P., Wm. Anderson. |
| 23314 Whittier Band.
P., Harriet E. Savage. | 23359 Helpful Band.
P., Miss Elva Bowen. | 23403 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Shepard. | 23453 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Fiske. | 23503 Tescott, Kan.
Tescott Band.
P., Mrs. Bell Skinner. |
| 23315 Forget Me Not Band.
P., Florence M. Scoville. | 23360 Rosebud Band.
P., Ethel Weaver. | 23404 Sacred Hearts School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister — | 23454 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Miss Putnam. | 23504 Washington, Pa.
Acheson Band.
P., Margaret De Normandie. |
| 23316 Touch Me Not Band.
P., Susan C. Crampton. | 23361 Stockton Springs, Me.
Center District Band.
P., Bertha A. Partridge. | 23405 Defender Band.
P., Sister — | 23455 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Bond. | 23505 Kennedy Workers Band.
P., Mrs. F. L. Ryder. |
| 23317 Longfellow Band.
P., Viola J. Billings. | 23362 Concord, N. H.
High School.
P., S. A. Lewis. | 23406 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Sister — | 23456 Garfield Band.
P., Miss Farrington. | 23506 Union Star Band.
P., Fannie Ladew. |
| 23318 Ethan Allen Band.
P., Jeanette Norris. | 23363 Excelsior Band.
P., L. J. Rundlett. | 23407 Lincoln Band.
P., Sister — | 23457 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Farley. | 23507 Middleboro, Mass.
High School.
P., Geo. T. Angell Band. |
| 23319 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Lucy E. Meech. | 23364 E. Concord School.
Wide Awake Band.
P., L. J. Talpey. | 23408 Rose Band.
P., Sister — | 23458 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Bumpus. | 23508 Main St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., John P. Arnold. |
| 23320 Golden Rod Band.
P., Rose Lucia. | 23365 Tahant School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Caldwell. | 23409 Violet Band.
P., Sister — | 23459 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Smith. | 23509 Golden Rod Band.
P., Annie S. Lovell. |
| 23321 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Kate R. Terrill. | 23366 Bow Brook School.
Star Band.
P., Miss Caswell. | 23410 Y. M. C. Assn.
Junior Band.
P., S. A. Lewis. | 23460 Harbor School.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Lizzie G. Farley. | 23510 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Nellie Bennett. |
| 23322 Mayflower Band.
P., Evelyn S. Lease. | 23367 Planes School.
Hope Band.
P., Miss Blinns. | 23411 St. Pauls School.
St. Pauls School Band.
P., Rev. J. H. Coit. | 23461 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Sullivan. | 23511 Mayflower School.
P., Flora Nickerson. |
| 23323 Golden Rule Band.
P., C. S. Tarbell. | 23368 Fair Ground School.
Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Reding. | 23412 Nishua, N. H.
Spring St. School.
Excelsior Band.
P., J. H. Fassett. | 23462 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Colburn. | 23512 School St. School.
Pansy Band.
P., Lizzie Lucas. |
| 23324 Rosebud Band.
P., Mrs. Whitham. | 23369 Kimball School.
C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Kate P. Blodgett. | 23413 Hope Band.
P., M. E. Shea. | 23463 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Hayden. | 23513 Little Helpers Band.
P., Edith Roberts. |
| 23325 Pansy Band.
P., E. Y. Sweet. | 23370 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss McAfee. | 23414 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Magoon. | 23464 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Clark. | 23514 Sunshine Band.
P., Eleanor Barber. |
| 23326 St. Michael's School.
St. Anthony Band.
P., Miss Harvey. | 23371 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Magoon. | 23415 Rosebud Band.
P., Jennie E. Farley. | 23465 Palm St. School.
Helping Hand Band.
P., Mary L. Hammond. | 23515 West Side School.
Defenders Band.
P., Eva Hopkins. |
| 23327 Cecilia Band.
P., Miss Fleming. | 23372 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Dodge. | 23416 Lily Band.
P., Bertha H. Hunter. | 23466 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Thayer. | 23516 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Lillie Thomas. |
| 23328 Michael Band.
P., Miss Hoard. | 23373 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Proctor. | 23417 Mayflower Band.
P., Annie S. Tuttle. | 23467 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Sullivan. | 23517 Rosebud Band.
P., Belle Leoney. |
| 23329 Joseph Band.
P., Miss McKee. | 23374 Lily Band.
P., Miss Robinson. | 23418 Violet Band.
P., Almont. | 23468 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Everett. | 23518 Union St. School.
Lincoln Band.
P., Florence E. Thompson. |
| 23330 Francesville, Ind.
Golden Rule Band.
P., A. J. Bullis. | 23375 Violet Band.
P., Miss Sanderson. | 23419 Neverfail Band.
P., Geo. Graves. | 23469 O'Donnell School.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Sarah C. Whittle. | 23519 We'll Be Kind Band.
P., M. E. Holloway. |
| 23331 Poland, N. Y.
Keuka Lake Band.
P., Robbie Stevens. | 23376 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Shaw. | 23420 Lincoln Band.
P., Walter F. Sargent. | 23470 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Wood. | 23520 Suburban Schools.
Excelsior Band.
P., Asher J. Jacoby. |
| 23332 Howard, R. I.
Potowomut Band No. 2.
P., Miss Julia Potter. | 23377 Chandler School.
Thoreau Band.
P., A. H. Whitney. | 23421 Golden Rule Band.
P., L. Edith Blaisdell. | 23471 Always Kind Band.
P., Miss Wilson. | 23521 Lily Band.
P., E. Frances Dunham. |
| 23333 Lockport, N. Y.
High St. School Band.
P., Miss J. E. Richardson. | 23378 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Little. | 23422 Aim High Band.
P., Wm. F. Howe. | 23472 Kindness to Animals Band.
P., Miss Valcour. | 23522 Rose Band.
P., Charlotte E. Flagg. |
| 23334 High St. School Band No. 2.
P., Lizzie B. Chapman. | 23379 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Southgate. | 23423 Spring St. Gram. School.
Audubon Band.
P., Clara E. Upton. | 23473 Training School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Lily P. Shepard. | 23523 Tulip Band.
P., Myra L. Atwood. |
| 23335 Cambridge, Mass.
Peabody Band.
P., Miss M. A. Clark. | 23380 Violet Band.
P., Miss Prescott. | 23424 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Ida F. Wallace. | 23474 Indian Head Band.
P., Miss Hosmer. | 23524 Violet Band.
P., Lucia A. Dr. ke. |
| 23336 Philadelphia, Pa.
Junior Christian Endeavor
Band.
P., Arthur A. Chalker. | 23381 Merrimack School.
J. G. Whittier Band.
P., E. Belle Calley. | 23425 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Wheeler. | 23475 Snowflake Band.
P., Miss McGregor. | 23525 Sunshine Band.
P., Carrie E. Soule. |
| 23337 Stratford, Ont.
Freeland Band.
P., Jessie Mackenzie. | 23382 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Kimball. | 23426 Granite State Band.
P., Ella F. Wheeler. | 23476 Rose Band.
P., Miss Richmond. | 23526 Golden Rule Band.
P., Carolyn H. Parker. |
| 23338 W. Bridgewater, Mass.
South School Band.
P., A. L. MacDonald. | 23383 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Chase. | 23427 American Band.
P., Mary M. Morrill. | 23477 Stanislaus School.
Lily Band.
P., Sister Superior. | |
| 23339 Central Economy, N. S.
Mayflower Band.
P., Miss M. Graham. | 23384 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Ladd. | 23428 Mt. Pleasant School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Frank W. Lakeman. | 23478 Rose Band.
P., Sister — | |
| 23340 Tacoma, Wash.
Little Robin Band.
P., A. Thomas. | | 23429 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Miss Thomas. | 23479 Violet Band.
P., Sister — | |
| | | 23430 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss McClune. | 23480 Mayflower Band.
P., — | |
| | | 23431 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Wheeler. | 23481 Port Ludlow, Wash.
Kindness Band.
P., Miss Mary Christensen. | |
| | | 23432 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Gage. | 23482 Cheney, Wash.
Liberty Mound Band.
P., Miss Mary Hendricks. | |
| | | 23433 Defender Band.
P., Miss Gordon. | 23483 St. Arnprior, Ontario, Can.
Baptist Church Band.
P., Miss F. F. McNab. | |
| | | 23434 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss DeWolf. | 23484 Methodist Church Band.
P., Mr. T. W. Kenny. | |

AN AMENDMENT TO THE PRAYER.

(Boston Transcript.)

I have lately heard from an old minister who had retired from active service, but who still retained his seat in his former pulpit while candidates were preaching there. He always offered the closing prayer, and after asking the Lord to bless His servant who had broken the bread of life to His people that day, was accustomed to add, "and may he shine as a star of the first magnitude forever and ever." But it happened one Sunday that a very dull preacher occupied the pulpit, and the good old minister was unutterably bored. When it was time for the prayer he offered the usual petition that the Lord would bless His servant who had addressed the people that day, and—here he paused. His faith was not strong enough to allow him to conclude the sentence in the customary way; so the conscientious old man added firmly: and may he shine as a star of considerable magnitude for ever and ever.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

ROVER AND THE BABY.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Across the street from my study window lives a dog. His name is Rover. He is a spaniel with curly auburn hair, and with ears long and shaggy. His eyes are large and hazel. He often sits up on his haunches when looking down the street, holding up his fore feet like hands bending at the wrist. This is owing to a lame shoulder, for he gets tired when standing as dogs usually do, and sits up like a man for a change now and then.

But Rover has attracted my attention in another way more particularly. Once or twice a week he sets up a cry or howl which is most piteous to hear. He lifts up his head in his cries, and they tell me the tears fall from his eyes on some of these occasions.

What is the cause?

Before long Rover sees something coming on the sidewalk in the distance. He pricks up his ears and trots off towards it. He is more and more excited. The wag of his tail and the change of voice show this; the wall has become a bark of joy. It is the baby carriage he sees, inside of which is baby Clara, a year old.

And now they meet—the precious little passenger and Rover, who greets her with many a kiss. He accompanies her to the house with many demonstrations of joy. There is no more wailing that day. The cup of happiness for the dog is full, and this remarkable affection is reciprocated, for the baby, in her own way, greets and talks to the dog. She looks for him, and delights in his coming.

It is certainly very interesting to see this attachment, and it might well be a lesson to some of us of the biped race.

REV. EDWIN N. ANDREWS.

Hartford, Wis.

RUSKIN ON WOMEN AND WAR.

Mr. Ruskin, at the close of a lecture on war, made the following remarks to the ladies present: "Only by your command, or by your permission, can any war take place among us; and the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery and rage of battle through Europe, is simply that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circles. Let every Christian woman who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn for His killed creatures; let every lady in the happy classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, and I tell you again no war would last a week."



A SECTION OF BOSTON'S PUBLIC GARDEN, WITH STATE HOUSE, SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND PARK STREET CHURCH.
Blanchard & Watts Engraving Co., 36 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS.

[This beautiful poem will never grow old.]

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore,
The poor were Christ's; he knew no more.
'Twas very little that Ben could do,
But he pegged his prayers in many a shoe,
And only himself and the dear Lord knew.
Meanwhile he must cobbler with all his might
Till, the Lord knew when—it would all be right.
For he walked by faith, and not by sight.
One night a cry from the window came—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lame—
"Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say,
"Give shelter and food, I humbly pray."
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. "Tis awful cold," he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,
"But the wanderer must be comforted."
Out from his straw he painfully crept,
And over the frosty floor he stepped,
While under the door the snow wreaths swept.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried,
As he opened the door, and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied,
Trembling and crying there at his feet,
Ready to die in the bitter street.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The candles were out in all the town;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
"I thought that somebody called," he said;
"Some dream or other got into my head;
Come, then, poor pussy, and share my bed."
But first he sought for a rusty cup,
And gave his guest a generous sup.
Then out from the storm, the wind and the sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet;
Truly, it was a terrible storm,
Ben feared he should never more be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door:
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes,
And his full-moon face showed great surprise.
Out from his bed he stumbled again,
Teeth chattering with neuralgia pain
Caught at the door in the frozen rain.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
"With such as I have thou shalt be fed."

Only a little black dog he saw,
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, "I must have dreamed;
But verily like a voice it seemed.
"Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
His feet so cold they seemed like stone,
"Thou shall have the whole of my marrow-bone."
He went to the cupboard and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept,
His conscience was white, and again he slept.
But again a voice called, both loud and clear:
"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come here!"
Once more he stood at the open door,
And looked abroad, as he looked before.
This time, full sure, 'twas a voice he heard;
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird
With weary pinion and beaten crest,
And a red blood-stain on its snowy breast.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And, tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.

The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called all night,
And steadfastly gazing, without a word,
Beheld the messenger from the Lord.
He said to Ben with a wondrous smile,
[The three guests sleeping all the while,
"Thrice happy is he that blesteth the poor,
The humblest creatures that sought thy door,
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
"Who giveth all of his scanty store
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold the Master, who waiteth for thee,
Saith: 'Giving to them, thou has given to me.'"
Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Amen!
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.
"Frozen to death," the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright;
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.
Ben's lips were silent, and never told
He had gone up higher to find his gold.

ANNA P. MARSHALL, in Congregationalist.

On Christmas eve we received for *Our Dumb Animals* a Christmas present of \$100 from Mrs. C. C. Corbin, of Webster, Mass.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for November. Fines and witness fees, \$210.80.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. C. McCully, \$25; Arbutus Band of Mercy, \$12; Mrs. H. A. Bigelow, \$10; Miss M. Harrington, \$10; C. H. Warner, \$3.

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TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go—
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

TENNYSON.

"Glory to God in the highest,
on earth peace, good will toward
men."

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